

THE BASKET :

Wherein are Truths freshly gathered from the Word of God, or taken from old stores.



SKETCH OF THE LAST DAYS OF DR. MACKERN.

“ To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,” was the portion of God’s word that the brother—beloved of the Lord, and dear, to so many of His people—asked to have read, a few hours before he entered into the joy of his Lord.

This Scripture was the key-note of that devoted servant for fourteen years of his life on earth. From the first hour of his conversion—in the joy and fulness of the new life—he abruptly closed with the world, from which he was turned to God in all the energy of a great first-love, that never lost its freshness. Up to the very last, when his life of service on earth ended—he was found doing “ The first works.”

On the previous Lord’s day he was at the Lord’s Table at Eastbourne, and a word of surprising power was given him through the Spirit—a word

that deeply touched everyone of the Lord's people then present.

For a week previously, he was oppressed by a bad cough and cold. After the breaking of bread, he walked some distance, visiting the sick. He seemed much fatigued in the evening — yet preached at the Friendly Societies' Hall, to a large number, with extraordinary power and freshness. His subject was—"The issue of blood." It sent a thrill through many a heart that night, to hear him say, "As a dying man, I speak to you all, dying men and women." With an intense exercise of heart, he paused for a long moment, and, after a deep silence, said: "Listen!—the tramp of the men that are to carry you to the grave, is in the street." That long pause, many loved friends observed with anxiety.

Early the following morning, a severe pleuritic attack followed, and rapidly gained ground. It yielded gradually to treatment. After a while, the pain slowly returned, and on Wednesday assumed a more grave form. His sensitive organization shrank from pain, and to avoid that, he could scarcely endure to take nutriment of any sort. On Wednesday night the right lung presented all the signs of pleuro-pneumonia, and became dull and solid from top to bottom—so as to become perfectly emptied of air. Expectoration of blood followed the next day, with deadly

coldness of the extremities, sinking of the pulse, and utter exhaustion. On Thursday evening the stethoscope revealed the worst signs—that the left lung was also becoming consolidated, and the pleura filling with water. Thus the respiration became most difficult—in fact, all the functions of the lungs, impeded to an alarming extent.

On Friday evening the strength gradually declined—and the distress from the difficulty of breathing became most touching even to witness. So great, that the beloved brother was heard to say: “Oh! this weary life.” Fully conscious that the close of the life on earth was near, he spoke but little, calmly watching the sorrowful faces of the beloved friends around him. To one very dear friend, he endeavoured to give the last word of the Message of life, but the voice faltered, as the increasing effusion of water on the lungs choked it. He sank back, and closed his hands in prayer for that dear friend, when unable to speak to him of Jesus.

As Friday evening closed in, he most anxiously asked the time, and remembered it was the 6th of November. Exactly two years before, on the 6th of November, 1872, he stood by the dying bed of his beloved sister—by whose side his remains now rest in Charlton Cemetery. As the memory of the 6th of November crossed his mind, he said: “I go to meet the Lord.” He now

asked his beloved sister, to read the three verses in Philippians, first chapter, verses 21—23 inclusive: "For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two—having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." She ceased to read, and after a little pause he said: "Bless the Lord, O my soul,"—his voice faltered. "Shall I finish it?" she said. "Yes," was the answer. He then bowed his head—the most exquisite calmness and peace spread over his face, and he said—"The Lord, He *is* my Saviour: Lord take me."

A sister, dear in nature, but deeply beloved in the Lord, had written to ask the prayers of the children of God at Broadstairs. One, endeared to the sister, and to the dying brother, replied by telegraph to her: "Prayer to night for your dear brother, at Broadstairs, Ramsgate, and Margate, our love, and the 3rd and 4th verses of the 26th of Isaiah: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'"

He then asked for the little hymn to be sung:

Who is He in yonder stall,

At Whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord, oh wondrous story!
 'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
 At His feet we humbly fall:
 Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Who is He in yonder cot,
 Bending to His toilsome lot?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Who is He in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Who is He that stands, and weeps
 At the grave, where Lazarus sleeps?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Lo! at midnight, Who is He,
 Prays in dark Gethsemane?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
 Asks for blessings on His foes?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Who is He that from the grave
 Comes to heal, and help, and save?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

Who is He that on yon throne,
 Rules the world of light alone?
 'Tis the Lord, &c.

His last words were: "My love to all who love me *in the Lord*,"—and his spirit passed into the presence of God, where Jesus is.

With the physician's love for science, he requested that a *post-mortem* examination should be made. This wish was carried out by a brother in the Lord, who found both lungs inflamed and impervious to air.

It is difficult to realize the blank his death has caused to so many—to his wife, who saw all the grace of Christ unceasingly flow out to so many weak ones—to her, his last words were: "Trust God, and He will care for you"—to the dear widowed sisters, who found the life of Christ stirred within them at every opportunity of meeting him, who incited them to love and good works without ceasing.

A blank indeed to many sick ones, whom it was his delight to cheer and comfort in every detail of life and circumstance, as well as in their bodily ailments. One aged patient since so touchingly said: "Ah, he was my son, my husband, my friend, as well as my doctor."

Of the many whose hearts are sad at the loss of so dear, so beloved a friend, none can feel the blank on earth his departure has caused, more than the one who has penned these few words of loving remembrance of him, who sat by his side so tenderly—comforting and sustaining the

sorrowful family circle, assembled round the dying bed of his beloved sister, November 6th, 1872, over whose head he then pinned the text: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

In every home he visited, his heart was exercised about everyone in the house—the servants, as well as the family. In the education of the children, he was a wise counsellor to many a father and mother—especially endeavouring to train them up for eternity.

Wherever he went, to visit or to preach, his chief delight was to search out the aged widows, the sick, the poor, the needy, and, with ineffable love and sympathy, to minister, and ever afterwards to hold them in his memory—to send help again and again.

He could give up his own bed, and sleep on the floor, to give shelter to some poor sick one, brought from the close air of a small room in Deptford. The only measure he had, of the value of his own house, was, how far it could be made available for the weakly and the sick.

The *most* paramount of all claims upon him, he felt to be the spread of God's word, and the truth of Christ.

Thus, whenever he went abroad, he aimed at spreading the Word, and making known the Truth.

In Australia and New Zealand, he established Tract Depôts, which still exist in a state of great activity and usefulness.

“They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

Many a servant of the Lord Jesus, the beloved brother helped within his own little sphere of usefulness. Many a labour of love that he joined in, goes on the more earnestly, because the fellow-workers are now thrown upon the Lord alone.

One hour before the beloved Doctor was seized with his fatal illness, he penned the following, and the last note, he ever wrote:—

“EASTBOURNE, Nov. 3rd, 1874.

Dear Brother Horner,

For months my time has been so eaten up with all kinds of work that I could give no time for filling THE BASKET. * * * I hope to be more free next week and will.

Affectionately yours,

T. MACKERN.”

The contents of this number of THE BASKET, were found amongst his papers, and are sent forth in the unfinished state in which they were left.

INTRODUCTION.

IT seemeth well to gather up afresh, portions and broken bits out of the vast treasury, stored in Scripture for us by the Holy Spirit, to help the growth and power of the Children of God, that all such, going on to full age, may, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. The wild confusion and corruption, characteristic of the last days, is readily seen by the exercised soul in all around,—the day darkens to the close! Over this day of deep dishonour to the name of Christ, the apostle to the Gentiles, pressed by prophetic ardour, wept three years, with many warning words to the responsible overseers of the flock of God. The burden of the exhortation then, was commendation to God and the word of His grace.

THE BAG.

IN the providence and purpose of God, it is given to hold the bag—which holds the mammon of unrighteousness, and yet may be used in the assembly to the glory of Him Who is Head of the House.

Certain persons on earth are noted in the Word, as having ministered to Christ of their substance.

Women, with their nimble hands and ready hearts, were foremost in this ministry of love—so now may they who long to solace the weary frame of Christ—they may bring Him again to their Bethany—bring forth tears for feet—oil for head, hair for towel.

Who holds the bag for the Lord to-day?

Let us bear in mind what has been recorded about the first bearer of that bag—what a history—what a warning in it, as to the lust after that which it holds—the recognised root of all evil 1 Timothy, vi. 10.

Money is but coined labour, and like gathered manna, if unused, is kept for the owner's hurt, in that it breeds maggots and moral mischief; like the sword unused, it rusts—like the garment laid aside, it attracts the moths, and moulders slowly into dust.

Rust and dust are the Devil's usury of money kept to its owner's hurt.

But who in the assembly of God's people, holds the bag for the Head of the house? Surely all. How are they using the contents? Are they spent in full communion with His mind and purpose? Do we open it by His desire (John xiii, 29), for the feasting of His poor, for the helpless sick for whom He feels — the aged on whom He waits with watchful care—noting the sorrows of the grey hair (Jacob)—the widow, whose vacant heart may find itself filled by Him as husband, and the frail orphan, as an unfailing Father?

He loves to visit the poor, and espies with quick eye the empty cupboard. His hand moves towards the bag—who opens it for Him?

The same bounteous hand which bid disciples bring the five loaves and fishes, setting His guests upon the fresh carpet He had spread of green grass, and making much out of their little, fed the hungry crowds: the same heart and hand would call to each of His own to-day, to bring forth out of that which they have, to feed the sick and helpless; and all, so moved, will find His hand retaineth still the quality of making of little, abundant blessing—if He be obeyed in the Spirit.

WOMAN IN THE WAYS OF GOD.

(Continued from "Basket No. 1.")

WOMAN in relationship with man, under the hand and way of God, is seen in three states—as Wife, Mother, and Widow.

Godly conduct in each position is marked.

As *Wife*, true in heart, in purpose, in person; subjection to her own husband, as the *Church*, to *Christ*, is subject.

As *Mother*, in conjunction with the father, requiring obedience from the children, and receiving honour therefrom, and recognition from the assembly.

As *Widow*, widow indeed; honour and kindness from her own relatives. If needy, to be chosen over sixty, three-score, well reported in connection with children, having cared for strangers and the saints of God; she then has rightful claim on the assembly of God.

The discipline of the daily work is needed, good for woman physically—essential for her morally, without which, she is shorn of the strength which trained habits and submitted will, obedience, and its blessed fruits bring assuredly, adorning the way and work of the christian woman

with that which the Lord desires to see in her, as true beauty in His eyes, the adornment of the "meek and quiet spirit." In the course and progress of events under the sun, the woman is seen side by side with the man, and, as has long been noted, prefigures, in type, the position both occupy in the plan of God, (while the man is the power thereof, however he fill it for good or evil.) This is readily seen in Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Leah (Rachel for the earthly bride), the Gentile wives of Joseph and Moses, chosen while in affliction, out of the land, and away from their people.

It hath pleased God to give woman, in His ways, a more retired, but not less honoured place—if not seen, the light in her shines in sweet and comforting warmth.

The quiet work and witness of the wife in the house (Prov. xxxi.), sheds its light on the name of the husband in the gate—the head of the house is honoured by the good report of the house from all around.

The woman is weaker than man—nevertheless a woman may exhibit, in her place, all the needed power and capability required.

Of the covering of the women,
What do I learn from Scripture?
Genesis, see Synopsis.—vol. viii, 316,

RECORDS FROM SCRIPTURE.

GEN. iii. 17.

CHILD of the first Adam, do you know that *you* are under the sentence of death? that you are sharer of the sentence against the first man? "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," that, in effect you are dying, and "After death the judgment;" not the debt of nature; but the judgment of God. For it is said, "The moment we begin to live, we begin to die." Therefore the execution of this inexorable sentence of God against you, and all the outcome of the first Adam, is but a question of moments, more or less—that, in point of fact, "This night thy soul may be required of *thee*." You may plan for days and years of work, of pleasure—you may arrange for coming satisfactions to-day and to-morrow—remember, you make such arrangements independent of God, Who calls your life a vapour.—James iv., 14; and reminds us that He alone is the disposer of all events.—Prov. xvi. 9. Do you know that you are under judgment—the judgment of God against sin, in which you are discovered and detected by Him, as loving the pleasures of sin—loving that which He calls lawlessness?—1 John, iii., 4. Do you know that it is written, "It is ap-

pointed unto men once to die; but after this, judgment"? Child of the first Adam, do you know that God has the remedy for you—a remedy unfailing in His hands, to meet your state under the sentence gone forth against sin, and potent to snatch you from it now? Do you know that He has opened a refuge for the sinner, a shelter from the frightful fate, that is the sure portion of those who despise the infinite grace, which has provided the remedy and the refuge, in the person of the Son of His love? He was not spared—that *you* might be saved. He came forth in infinite love from the bosom of God, the Father, that He might bring His own, cleansed and clothed, into the light and joy of His heart and home—into God's own rest. Remember, death *must* be met—Satan, who hath the power of death, must be met and overcome, ere you, or any of us, the outcome of the first man, "the children of disobedience," can escape his terrible maw; for death is the mighty eater of mankind.

Do you know that the Son of God hath come forth on this earth, as the stronger man, to bind the strong man, Satan, to despoil him of his goods? For this purpose, "The Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Not alone hath He done this, as the bruiser of the serpent's head—the promised seed of the woman, but this far-mightier than Samson, after

He arose victorious from the grave, came to His own, bringing to them meat and sweetness, honey out of the carcase of the slain lion.

Satan began his baleful work by creating distrust of God's Word—with subtle insinuations to the first listening soul.

Old Testament—God come *down to man*.

New Testament—God sending forth the Son of His love, to call man up to Him.

Man has given various histories of this world, and smiles upon its progress. God hath also shewn us the root of it, in Cain, who built the first city. Which do *you* accept and stand by? You must certainly accredit Cain and his action, or God and His comment.

Every sacrifice salted with salt (Romans xii. 7.)

Every one shall be salted with fire. *Our* God is a consuming fire.

First fruits of Nature—Cain.

First Fruits of Faith—Abel!

First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual.

Cain's History :—

Distance from God ;

Hatred of his brother ;

Absorption into the world.

Abel's History :—

Nearness, by faith, to God.

Suffering unto death.

Obtaining witness of God.

BOCHIM.

JUDGES ii. 5.

Tears are the outward flow, and expressive current, issuing from broken and contrite hearts. The Spirit of God hath been pleased to note where, and when, the tears of the righteous have fallen on this earth, and to solace, and assure such that the hour and the place are coming, when no tear shall fall, or dim the lustre of the scene where God shall lead and hold them abiding in His presence.

But now sorrow and shame abound, the fruit of Sin—for this is seen in torn hearts around—it is written “Jesus wept;”—and the prophet of sorrows desired to make his eyes a fountain of tears—while the apostle of the uncircumcision, serving the Lord with many tears, spake through the Holy Spirit to the elders of that assembly, to whom it pleased God to reveal His mystery—the riches of His Grace, the fatted calf—and by the space of three years warned every one with tears, that grievous wolves would enter, not sparing the flock, which God hath purchased with the blood of His own.

Who now weeps for the Church of God?

PROVERBS.

THE book of Proverbs takes note of the life which now is, in the difficult labyrinth of the present world, and gives us the clue. The difficulties in the details of life, which sin brought into the creation of God, are adequately noted, and suited action in the circumstances, clearly indicated—the way of life for man, in it, is seen as tangled and troubled; thus the avoidance of error in the way, and the discipline of a submitted will under the fear of Jehovah, the beginning of wisdom, obedience, and dependence on Him Who governs and guides, is the secret of success, even in a natural sense. That wisdom must be sought and followed.

There are those in this world, whom God calls fools—simple ones, void of understanding, those who, despising His word of warning, will go on still in the paths of destruction—the flowery, attractive path of sin, where, though the stolen waters may be sweet in the mouth, they are bitter in the belly.

In the city, on whose high places the clamorous woman sits, to attract the unwary with fair speeches, while he knoweth not that the dead are there, that her guests are in the depths of hell!

LUKE v.

IN His infinite purpose, it pleased Jesus, the Christ, to take up the fisherman, Simon, by

the Lake of Gennesaret—the impetuous, fitful, gusty Simon, whose way and nature on the earth, as thus found, were like unto a gale of wind—apt material for the enemy to desire to sift as wheat, and alone kept by a power greater than himself. The Lord Jesus took him up, while washing the empty nets, after the profitless night's errand on the lake—quickly showed how obedience to His Word put the treasure of the deep at his disposal, and, infinitely more, opened to him the iniquity in the depth of his own heart, so that, in the clear shining of this Light, come into the world, he cannot choose but cry: “Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.” A discovery and confession which, by the same grace, brought forth the momentous promise, so fully fulfilled. “Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.” Thus did each work and word form links in the glorious chain of wondrous purpose whereby Jehovah, come as man, was in their midst, to draw nigh to Himself that which was afar off, that His net of loving purpose might be filled. For this work, Simon left nets, and all, and under the same firm hand, he, before like unto a gale of wind, became the rock (petros) Simon Peter—the strengthener of his brethren. Thus the denier of his suffering Master—the one who shared the treacherous warmth of the enemies' fire—could, in the power of the Holy Spirit stand forth under Solomon's porch, and tell

the men of Israel that they had "denied the Holy One and the Just, and killed the Prince of Life," his Master and Lord. He could be thus used by the Spirit of God to set others, who were to come after him, to follow also a risen Christ.

NAIN.

LUKE vii. 11—15.

THE earth is filling fast with the monuments of the departed dead. The Necropolis—the city of the dead—is a notable place nigh to the habitations of men; and it is the daily duty of many men and women to wait upon the sick and dying, and bring forth their bodies to the burial. So in this city, called Nain. The people of the place had called it Nain—"pleasant"—and now, when the Originator of life was about to enter its gate, behold a dead man was carried forth, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. What a contrast between the pleasant place and the sorrows of its people. What contrast—life in One come out from God,—death mastering one of a race that had turned from God, and both meeting at the gate of man's pleasant city! Alas! for man; how he fights against the significance of the facts which lie all around him in his daily path.

Does this meeting end with this violent contrast? Nay, where sin and its manifest wages abound in death, grace doth much more abound;

and the power of Him Who declared, in presence of the full sepulchre, "*I am* the resurrection and the life," acts, and He bids the dead arise.

Look at these facts, worthy of note in a world of toil where much misery is found, and many tears fall—God had come into the world, the mystery of Godliness. What did He meet outside the gate of Nain? A dead man—a widowed mother—weeping friends—the strength of manhood shorn in its prime—the weakness of the woman without prop or stay—falling tears from the fountain of grief—an open grave—the mourners in the streets—but no relaxation of the grasp of death—the dead remained the dead, and the bier, the burden of his bearers.

The one who went forth dead out of Nain, returned alive—the widowed heart beat with a joy it knew not when first she embraced the man child.

LUKE xxiii. 39—43.

CHRIST entered the paradise of GOD, after the Crucifixion, in company with a thief—an executed thief—one justly condemned—he owned it—one who could plainly neither propose or make any reparation—nay, took the side of justice against himself and his fellow transgressor; who, on the other hand, in mad folly persisted in his sin, and railed upon the One Who could meet, and He alone, such a case as his.

JOHN iii.

Jesus answered and said to him :—

“Except any one be born anew he cannot see the Kingdom of God.”

Note.—It is not only again; but entirely afresh, as a new source of life, and point of departure, translated in Luke i. 3, “from the very first!”

It is a new source and beginning of life.

“Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit.”

It is, in truth, a new nature; it is that which has no foundation in man, no source save in God: it is God Himself that is the centre of it; Who fills all things in the person of Christ, His Son, and therefore should give a new nature.

“Except a man be *born* of Water, and of the Spirit.”

Water, in Scripture, is habitually employed as the figure of the Word of God applied by the Spirit.

A man might in no wise comprehend that it is the Spirit of God; but this he knows full well, that the Word judges him, that it brings him in as guilty, and altogether unfit for the presence of God. Thus “Water” is the expression of the Word dealing morally with the soul, convicting the man of being unclean, and not merely cleansing. It is a question at first of the impartation of a new nature that the man had not before. And

as we have found the outward, so we have also the inner character of this divine action. "Except a man, &c."

3 JOHN, vii. 10. NICODEMUS.

The journey from darkness to light—from the power of Satan to God—is sometimes short, often long. One feels there is hope for Nicodemus, even on the first night in presence of *The Truth*, when, though dull of hearing, he yet turns not from the edge of the sharp, unsparing sword of the Spirit—so strange to every Pharisaical tradition.

BETHANY.

JOHN xii. 1—3.

GLORIOUS dawn of the day of the Lord softly breaks upon us, as we sit before this perfect picture, and meditate upon the varied lights beaming on its central figure, presented to us by the Holy Spirit of Jesus in the midst of His people, as they surround Him in communion, in service, in worship. The great mystery of Godliness, "God manifest in the flesh," opens to the eye of faith; and the "word made flesh" dwelling among us, fills the worshipping heart with wondrous joy, so that the costly nard is freely spent on the person of the One owned by faith as Lord—the house is filled with the odour of the ointment—simple figure of

the glories of His person, Who ever fills the heart and house of God.

“*He came unto His own.*” This is the key of the action in the household of Bethany. There the Blessed One found, if not resting-place, refreshment in His journey of love—he received it, by giving hearts there to eat His Word, and to drink of the abundance of His grace. “Eat, O friends—drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!”

ACTS vii. 9.

The heavens opened when Stephen, one of the members of Christ’s body, witnessed for the Holy Ghost on earth; and the Son of Man Himself stood up at the right hand of God, while His martyr was stoned for this witness, and so received him to Himself.

The Lord Jesus took up Saul of Tarsus outside Damascus gate, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against His disciples; and He Who sitteth in the Heavens, above all poor spite of Jewish cabals and private rage of men, apprehended this Hebrew of the Hebrews, while yet his hand and heart were red with the blood of His martyr, and hot with hatred against all who called on His Name. He had been one of the infuriated listeners.

EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

THE true key-note of this Epistle is Righteous-

ness, chiefly and foremost the Righteousness of God (*i.e.* His habit or quality revealed in the Gospel and founded on redemption, in which God can be perfectly consistent with Himself in justifying the guilty who believe in Christ). Such divine righteousness, when we inquire, how it is that God can thus justify us, is by Christ Jesus the Lord. In the wide circle of this wondrous letter, God hath been pleased to discover to us, in the most complete and summary way, His estimate of what man is in himself, displaying in the clear mirror of the Word, the depth of the ruin into which, will, working under the temptation of Satan, hath plunged his race. His headship is thus the reign of sin unto death. It is the most thorough anatomy of man, which, struggle against it as he will, refuse it, deny it, as he does and may, the graphic pictures remain in living fidelity and perennial freshness; the vain imagination, the darkened foolish hearts, the form of wisdom with the heart of folly, corruptible man making his God, and shaping him like birds, four-footed beasts, and creeping things; the foul prey of vilest affections, and perverted passions. He taketh hold of sin by its deep roots. Down in the depths of man's unsubject heart, of which He declareth, it *cannot* do His will—it is *enmity*, the abstract nature of it.

PHILEMON.

LOVELY picture of personal grace in the private relationships among christians. How, by the grace of God, out of an unprofitable slave, one is formed and found profitable to God, and helpful to His servants and people; by whom the assembly of God is enriched, and "the bowels of the Saints refreshed," by calling into the activities of love, in Philemon, by the exercise of grace toward one confessedly unworthy and unprofitable.

REVELATION i. 17.

SINCE the time it pleased God to give the Revelation of Jesus Christ, to show to His servants, or bondsmen, what must shortly take place, no part of Scripture has been so much questioned, resisted, and rejected, as this, in which, in a special way, the inspired Apostle declares, he bears record of the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw—in which, leaning over the threshold of the impending judgments—the inevitable result of the appearing of the Son of Man—for he declares: "Blessed is he that reads, and they that hear the Words of the prophecy, and keep the things written in it." How strange then seems this perverse resistance of the revelation; of the appearing in judgment of Him, Who, having once been seen, but despised, (having come only to be rejected by man), is declared by this special

revelation of God to be, in His eye and purpose, the Alpha and Omega—Who is, and Who was, and Who is to come, the Almighty—the glory and terribleness of Whose person, in His judicial aspect, causes the faithful bondsman, who had been so at home in the shelter and warmth of that bosom of love, now, when he sees that One amidst the golden lamps, bearing the characteristics of the Ancient of Days, (as in Dan. vii), to fall at His feet as dead.

WHEN thine Eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light. If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light. Luke xi. 34-36. It is not the will of God that it should be otherwise. Now, there is not in the Bible anything save what is necessary, when the case to which it applies presents itself. Man lives by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God, and, if the Word of God is not sufficient for every circumstance, and on every occasion, man, deprived of the wisdom of God, will stray in the desert wastes into which Satan and his own will have led him.

“I am the Way.” Narrow is the path. In a narrow path, as one has said, there is but room for one—let Christ in *you* occupy it.

OBEDIENCE.

The Lord God claimed *obedience* at the hand of His creature, the first man, Adam, when He placed him, as the steward of His creation, in the planted garden eastward in Eden. The records of this claim and its results give the history of man's disobedience, the entrance of sin, and death through sin; departure from God into the manifest power of Satan; the strong man gathering up the spoils of a ruined creation, and leading away the victims of lusts and disobedience to share the condemnation of his own pride and revolt. The earlier scenes in Genesis give us to see, as on a platform, these actions of God—of Satan—and of man. Therein we are given to see the root-principles on which God acts in creation. In the opening chapter, the relationship and its responsibilities, framed by the Lord God for His creature, man; in the second, and in that which follows, the tragic history of lusts of flesh, of eye, of pride of life, by which the deceived woman was in the transgression. Thereupon swiftly comes the overwhelming, righteous claim of the Lord God upon Adam, who was not deceived, but, open-eyed, shared the guilt of his companion. Therefore we find in the judicial

scene, when the righteous Judge comes to the strange work of judgment, the man Adam is set aside wholly, and the controversy is narrowed up to the Seed of the woman and the serpent.

The stewardship is taken away, and, because of disobedience, given to another, the second Man, the Lord from Heaven—the last Adam—the Seed of the woman—the One Who came sounding along the way—“Lo! I come to do thy will, O God; a body hast thou prepared me”—the Servant of the bored ear, of the bowed will, Whose voice was not heard in the streets, Who made Himself of no reputation.

The one sentence, as has been said, “Lo I come to do thy will O God,” to the believer, stamps the character, and fills up the principle of the life of the Holy Jesus—He was the type of obedience, “Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which He suffered.”

To exhort the beloved people of God in these last days to this practical obedience and dependence, is much on the heart of the writer. Certain saints of old, in critical times, are worthily chronicled in imperishable records, as having held the assigned place on their moral watch-tower, in fidelity to God Jehovah; while their fellows on all sides were minding their own things—murmuring and disputing. There is nothing new under the sun; man in this also repeats himself to-day. Let the

worthy side be also seen in Caleb and Joshua, Ezra and Nehemiah, Mordecai, and Daniel. Let us live in the fuller and freer liberty wherewith Christ hath now set us free. There will be much, in us and around, to hinder this ; but God is mighty to help. He loves to be entreated by His people, when they seek alone the glory of His great name and gracious purpose. The Father Himself now loveth you, is a sure and certain word for faith, though love decayeth and languisheth in all around. Cling to the Mighty One ; cling, child of God, to the Christ risen. To the savour of His person ; to the eternal value of His work on the Cross, you owe all. To Him, you owe forgiveness of sins ; the gift of eternal life. You are accepted in Him. In the Beloved we enter into favour with God.

Obedience is the root of all real result in the things of God—as in the things of man. It is characterized by calm and cheerful consent to the conditions of true service—the recognition of the right of the Master to speak—of the place of the servant to hear and obey—without it, all is confusion and uncertainty, and a fearful looking to the time when the Master's eye will judge the work done in His name—but not in His way.

Those who begin by tolerating evil in any wise, will assuredly end by wholly sanctioning it in its most distinct forms (Rev. ii.14-20.) Balaam. Jezebel.

THE NATURAL MAN.

Have you ever calmly considered your privilege and place as a natural man—a man in nature before God Who created you? Don't shrink from the question. It is full of interest and of deep moment to you to ask, "Why am *I* on the earth, a living, sentient being, one among millions of a race that God created upright—consider—you have life—immortality.

The Lord God breathed into the shaped dust of the ground, the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Man forfeited this life through disobedience—fell into sin—lawlessness—and under judgment—so that the Spirit of God challenges man, and asks, "What is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away!" Upon our attitude before God on this platform called earth, during our tenancy of these mortal bodies, eternity and its momentous results hang altogether, either for joy or eternal sorrow—all rests on our reception or rejection of the Son of God as manifest in the flesh—the revealer of the Father. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" again, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"Whoso, then, hath received the Son of God,

as come to seek and to save the lost sinner, hath the Son, and *hath* life."—1 John v. 12.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."—John i. 12.

"Who can say, I have made my heart clean—I am pure from my sin?"—Prov. xx. 9. No man. Therefore the necessity for this work laid upon the Christ of God—which He wholly accepted—"Lo! I come!"

Man is like the gnarled tree—it may be smoothed and polished—but no external force can make it straight, or allow the sap to flow. You can reform no man—you can smooth him by education—polish him by civilization—restrain him by the chain. You may enlighten him by instruction—you may adorn him with the graces of culture, and all kindly influences—you may pour into his heart and brain the food of poets and philosophers, and bring out abundant fruit after its kind. You may make him, cunning creature that he is, a rare piece of work for ornament and for use. But when all is done, you still find him a man in his own order, the prey of many enemies within and without, who tread him under foot—his last enemy is death. When he is born into the earth, he is found a feeble, crying, dying thing, with the sentence of death stamped on him—whose existence is a bare struggle with exterior forces, which seek to rend and devour him up. It is the

truth, no fable, that Satan devours his own children.

Man in himself developes more or less actively—is perpetually in progress—incessantly changes; but “Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.” Job xiv. Out of the ashes of his humiliation—thus spake one, a prince among men, born of a woman—now bare and bereft of all in which he had boasted—where he had lain entrenched in the stronghold of his possessions, hedged in by God, and blessed in the work of His hands—the man who was said to be the greatest of all the men of the East.

But now all was changed—the glory of the grass was wholly withered up, under the stirring of Satan. The Sabeans had slain his servants with the edge of the sword—the fire of God had fallen and consumed his cattle and all his substance, the Chaldean band had carried away the camels, and the great wind of the wilderness had completed the overthrow of his house, with all he loved and valued therein. Trouble was thick upon him -- the flower of his life was rudely shaken, and all that in which he had hoped, as a man, was fleeing as a shadow. God was bringing him into judgment, yet only to make him a tested vessel of His purpose.

Clearly, man in nature—man born of a woman, full of trouble, and of few days, will not—cannot stand before this shaking judgment of God’s hand.

He wants the living, not the dead—for a living dog is better than a dead lion, for to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: but to man in himself, the number of his days are determined—the number of his months are with God, Who set him in his house of life a tenant at His will, Who has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass—fight against it, ignore it as he may—the ugly fact remains, man is shut up to death—he must cease, when he has accomplished as a hireling his day, and return to the dust out of which he was taken. Man in his strength—in his intellect—in his pride—the crowned king—the laurelled conqueror—the captain of thousands—the wily politician, the merchant prince, the swift, the strong, the man of skill and of understanding, under the sun, time and chance happeneth to them all; the living know that they shall die; man *must* give up the ghost—then where is he? And, surely, if this be all, and the end of all here, the hope of man is destroyed; for surely, as the Eastern phrase is, “death is the separator of companions, and the terminator of delights.”

What, then, is to be done? What issue is there out of all this, from the gloom of the grave, from the dark shadow of death looming behind each, ready to strike? Clearly, with man there is no remedy. Death baffles art; science is ashamed in the presence of that which rules its professors,

and mars its students. Read on, and let us see if there be any remedy in the hand of God. "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." Thus man in his proper individuality, as the outcome of the first Adam, and under judgment, is but as a dry, dead stick in a bundle, without root or vitality, his life a vapour, his tabernacle in a state of dissolution. So, clearly, the sole hope for such is to be graft into that which hath a root, and is firmly planted. No record is given of any answering to this, save the Christ of God; the second MAN, the Lord from Heaven. He died; He rose again; He is now alive for evermore, and is on the right hand of the Majesty on high. He is the root of David, and of all true believers in His death on the Cross, and His resurrection from among the dead. For all such there is hope, sure and certain hope, though they be cut down—they sleep in Jesus. Even as the tree sprouts again, they will rise again with Him in resurrection-life. "Christ, the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's, at His coming."

Thus, the cry out of the disquieted heart of Job is answered:—

“O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!” The wrath has been spent at the Cross—on the person of Him Who was holy—harmless—and separate from sinners—the only One Who could meet the wrath of God against sin. Wondrous grace! He met it—He was made sin for us—He Who knew no sin—all the fire and indignation of God’s righteous dealing with sin, which is lawlessness, fell upon Him. “From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?* that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

God has made provision, full and free, for man’s guilt, by the Cross. None whatever, for his (man’s) righteousness.

Man lives in his body, as in a house upon the earth; his tenancy is, in the natural order, threescore and ten years; it may be fourscore, and beyond—but in weariness; and, however humbling it may be, or otherwise—whether he believe it or not—he is but a tenant at the will of God!

To man in his present position, no solid satisfaction can come, save in the revelation of that which is from above, and beyond ought he can, in himself,

reach unto, or arrive at. The nature of things, as they are around him, denies wholly this prime necessity of his case—the solution of the problem of Life and Death, with the vast volcano of ghastly physical and moral suffering in which he dwells. Man may, and does hide this cleverly from his eyes—but all the more doth the white terror of it ulcerate deeply into his heart—alas! for man without Christ.

Wonderful, the indifference with which man often names the day of judgment. It is God's judgment of man. Who can answer in that day? "Nay," saith Job, "I could not answer one in a thousand; if I justify myself, my own mouth shall condemn me."

From a man reared in a coal-pit, you would not expect clear thoughts about cleanliness—so with man born in sin.

EXPERIENCE.

Among the dreariest memories of days in boyhood, was the ceaseless reiteration in my ears, that I must be good; it came from father, mother, elder brothers, specially the sisters—from friends and neighbours in a painful form, from school and masters. I knew not what it meant, no standard

of goodness was given, no clue to the desired Kalon. Checks abundant in forbidden fields, no fingerpost to point to the path permitted. The search for it was a series of stumbles, many bruises, many tears, flounderings in many quagmires.

I sat by the river of life early ; it dawned on me that it was my fate to float down on it to the ocean of eternity. I was strangely fascinated by that which was before me, and eagerly sought from all who had gone before, and recorded *their* experience, what lay before me in this rushing stream.

AFTER half a century encamped in this present world—encamped, as one has said, not domesticated—I have found amid the wild waste of its deluging waters, no rest for my foot, whatever its citizens may say as to such a confession or complaint—it is the simple fact.

Whatever soul of man can tell me of the suggestions of his soul—of the facts of his daily life—it is well in its measure ; but at best I find, as I have found for many a long year, the measure small—too small—it is after all but that of a man, and the orbit of the experience is bounded and belted by the atmosphere, and the platform on which we each stand : it is under the sun, and cannot fairly pretend to reach to any higher level than himself. I, too, am a man, and want and must—if I can—find more than I have seen in man, as I rate him, take him as at best, as king,

emperor, poet, philosopher, or workman. Half a century of existence—forty years of which have wasted under the direct governance and power of its god and prince! Fifty summers—fifty winters encamped in this present world, amid the sighs, the cries, the sorrows and weepings of its citizens; to lie down each night in sleep—the death of each day's life, and rise in the morning, and under the sun find again the busy circle of the like action.

Soon as my all I ventured
 On the atoning blood,
 The Holy Spirit entered,
 And I was born of God!

Thanks be to God—I can look upon this world—its glories—riches—pleasures—thoughts—ways—its changing fashions—as a vast wreck, where also is found my former self—my sins all met by Him Who hung upon the cross.

I can, and do, believe that God alone could and would meet this ruin, Himself, and, in an absolute way deliver me.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SICKNESS IN THE CHURCH OF GOD.

It is first needful to *accept* the sickness from God, and to seek His face, to know the need of that which He allows.

We know, for the Spirit of God hath said it to

the believer, that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," (Rom. viii. 22) and thus this universal sigh of sorrow must reverberate through the sad scene, where, by one man sin entered into the world, and by sin, death; and thus it must work, until the creature itself also shall be set free from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. Of this power of death, working within the earthly tabernacle, sickness is the external and visible sign—it daily digs the grave of the natural man, while, to the spiritual man—the man in Christ—it is but the prelude and ushering in of that victory which swallows up in life. The universal sigh finds its sad echo from every heart beneath the sun—and there are indeed sounds of solemn parting breath from Nature's ruined shore. Sin, disease, and death, have an intimate relation in the ways of God with man; they are the just and necessary sequence of sin, which is lawlessness—"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The sequence of disobedience to the word and way of God, is death, of which, disease is but the shadow cast before. It is governmental—was so in Israel.

Remember, every sigh, every cry from off this sin-stricken and sorrow-laden world, is a fresh and constant witness of what man's will hath done by disobedience.

BROKEN BITS.

What is Service ?

Willing to be nothing—emptied of self—ready to be used of God.

Advantages of this world are indeed but hindrances to this work of faith in the servant.

Light on this earth is derivative from the central source, the sun, set in its place by the Creator.

Child of God behold the inventory of your possessions—yours through Christ—in Him alone. Death, life, yea all things are yours.

WHEN LEAVEN IS ACTING, THE LUMP IS SWOLLEN
BEYOND NATURAL DIMENSIONS.

Two forces in action—High-church, no salvation out of church—Low-church, salvation everything; the Church not considered.

There are two forms of hypocrisy. That which assumes to be something which it is not, and that which conceals what it is.—See Luke xii.

The ear is the gate by which the christian receiveth embassages of the highest aims and holiest purposes, those which God Himself giveth for His own eternal ends, calling His people by glory and virtue; therefore the word of Christ, "take heed how ye hear."

The lily, while the sun rules the day, and warms the earth with its refulgent, beneficent beams, drinks them in busily, and transmits them into its being, and takes its colour and beauty, and its fragrance from that which God supplieth from above.

The raven, busy through the day in its quest for need ed supplies, returns to sleep on the roost at night, with no thought for the morrow.

As man sinks in his own estimation, God is exalted—as God rises to His true place in the heart, the saint rises also—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The first actual death on the earth, was of the man who stood forth, and confessed at the altar, God's righteousness in His condemnation of the sin of man.

Our life is hid with Christ in God. It is, as with

the root of the tree in the earth, not seen, save in the fruit, which is the glory and blessing of the owner.

It is only in the light and purity of the new creation, in the deep sense of having passed from death unto life, that the believer can see the absolute beauty of the Cross—even as God beholds it, Sin put away, and God glorified therein (John xvii).

Believers, standing in the light as God is. (I John i.)

Having fellowship with one another.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

It has pleased the Holy Spirit, who indited and sent, through human channels, the Scriptures of God to us for our instruction and profit, to say, He esteemed the Berean Jews more noble than those of Thessalonica, because, when the death and resurrection of Christ were opened and alleged, they searched the Scriptures daily, to see, if things, such as they heard preached, were to be found in the WORD.

It is solemn work to build for Eternity.

Listen to these words—the Word of God—the true sayings of God (Romans iii. 20-24, Titus ii. 5.)

Those who begin by tolerating evil in any wise, will assuredly end by wholly sanctioning it in its most distinct forms (Rev. ii. 14. 20.) Balaam. Jezebel.

How many a loved and lovely little child lieth in what men call an untimely grave, and where the blight of sin hath fallen; where man was unfaithful in the planted garden, the blight must come; Abel was first fruits of it.

The household of faith needeth much waiting on, and the Head of the house hath provided for this also, and hath given gifts in it; the use of such needs infinite patience, and a single eye, the service of love of a ready mind, not for filthy lucre's sake.

In the Spirit breathe and live,
By the Spirit yield and give
All you have, and are, to God.

Christians are concerned, in common with all other subject citizens, that the government of the country in which they sojourn, and all others during their pilgrimage, should be stable and settled, that thus, in the providence and care of their Saviour God, they should lead a quiet and tranquil life; therefore they are enjoined, in the assembly, in

their approach to God in prayer and supplication, to consider all such.

It is needful to reiterate again and again certain truths of God of a practical character ; we are all more ready to remember our privileges than the duties which flow from those privileges. The value of an apple tree is, that it brings forth apples ; the perfume of the violet is the grateful return to the cultivator. The parent stands between the child and God : receives from the child honour and obedience, as representative of God, and head of the house. The parent guards, guides, instructs, in fine, educates,

Order is always morally the will of God, Now the word provides for it, where it is needed (1 Cor. xiv. Romans xii. 1 Peter iv).

Through the corruption of man, the Church may be found in a state of dilapidation ; but, if this be so, the Word of God suffices, in this case also, to the spiritual man, to enable him to judge of it, and to direct him in the circumstances in which he finds himself.

The deep, dark, dismal tide of rationalism sweeps forward, carrying on its cold, glittering

surface, the scoffer of this world, the proud of heart, the despiser of the grace of God. Such is man, intrenched in the stronghold of his own ideas; he will persist, and perish in his pride. Still, *God is mighty* to save. There is no phantom so delusive as that which man calls *liberty*.

It is truly sad and strange, what poor things of earth may serve to estrange the hearts of God's children, from the whole enjoyment of that which His love provideth for them, even here on earth—the veriest baubles draw them—draw those who are partakers of the divine nature, and on the heavenly road.

In a shipwreck, only two courses of action are open—either to abide by the fortunes of the sinking ship, or take refuge in the lifeboat—no other. Either course must be selected. The Christ of God having entered into this sin-wrecked world, and there finished the work given Him to do, and gone up on high, the word remains—“Come unto Me.” All are under responsibility to accept or reject Him.

Adam, the first man, exalted himself for his own glory.

Christ made Himself of no reputation for the glory of God.

THE chief among the children in Scripture, is the One Whom God hath set in pre-eminence. The Peerless One; Whom all will own as "the Chief among ten thousand; the Altogether Lovely."

Behold the baffled and beaten ship, seeking, 'mid stormy waters and foul winds, to win the harbour's mouth—the haven of rest. In vain the struggle, until the favouring wind of the heavens veers round, driving the torn and shuddering barque to the solid security of the anchoring ground.

"On earth Peace." Who speaks of Peace? God doth. Where? In His Word. How do you know it is His Word? Even as I know how good and necessary food meets the need of my wasting body.

Nobility of action, such as God esteems, is worthy of acceptance and imitation by all Christians.

Christ is the Sabbath of God; in Him alone doth the God and Father rest; on Him alone doth the fixed smile of God shine.

Is it wonderful that man clings to his poor breaking body, and his makeshift of home here below, when his soul is homeless, and he dare not

face the darkness before him beyond the ignorant present ?

He is, in truth, as one in a ship drifting on the leeshore, breakers all around ; but he dare not leave the ship, and will not trust the lifeboat.

The Holy Ghost informeth us in the Colossians of the incomparable fulness of Christ as the Head of the body, the assembly ; and in the Ephesians, of the like fulness, because it belongeth to the Head.

The strong man and the *stronger*. Two powers active and acting on the earth. Man is seen in the midst of the evil and the good, and God is drawing in distinct lines the path for His people.

Scripture presents to us "the Word of God," and we have to receive it, "not as the word of men, but as it is, in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe," 1. Thess ii. 13—self mistrust, humility before God, but also faith in Him, surely become the student of the Word of God,

Though the tree be wounded, it gives a fragrant and healing gum.

“FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN.”

THE poet, the philosopher, the politician, freely own the instability of earthly things; indeed, their own work and office lie in endless searchings into the heart and secret of all things—around, above, below—to render man's position on the earth as stable and secure as may be; with the instinct of the sailor, who makes all “taut,” when he knows the storm is brewing. Thus it is freely owned by all around, that we are in swift revolution; that everything, the most stable and most sacred in esteem, is rudely shaken. The spirit of reverence is scarcely seen abroad to-day. Few now-a-days bow down before the hoary head. The axe is laid to the roots of the growth of centuries.

Well nigh nineteen centuries of time have come and gone in the history of this world in its present course, since “that holy thing,” born of the Virgin, called The Son of God, came on earth. Weary, waiting hearts had looked for the blessed One. In the fulness of time He came, and accomplished the will of His God and Father. Confessedly this mystery of godliness is great: that God has

been manifested in the flesh, has been seen of angels, has been preached among the nations, has been believed on in the world, has been received up into glory. The first coming of Christ to earth, His person, His life, His death on the cross, His resurrection, His ascension to the right hand of God on the throne, the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, have wholly altered the face and form of things here, before God and for man. In many ways, and in many parts, God had before spoken in the prophets, but when the end of these days was come, He spoke in the person of the Son—the One by Whom He made the worlds; the effulgence of His glory, and the exact expression of His substance.

Let us not cease to remember that Christianity has its basis in the revelation of the true God and Eternal Life. The record is, that “God hath given to us Eternal Life, and this life is in His Son,”—that the communication of this gift of the Eternal life that was with the Father, is through the death, and resurrection from among the dead, of the Lord Jesus Christ—that in Him, risen and ascended to the right hand of God, we are “accepted in the Beloved.”

We were enemies; now reconciled, we are called friends. Once dead in trespasses and sins—we are

alive to God. From the darkness, we are brought⁶ into light, as He is in the light; from the distance, now brought nigh—once under the power of Satan, now brought unto God—children of darkness, now children of light—children of night, declared children of day—admonished to put off practically the old man with his deeds, and put on the new, renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him. With wondrous emphasis, the Holy Spirit marks the stand-point of the Christian, as the witness of the work and person of the Christ, on this sin-stained earth; and gives to the simple believer to stand calm and serene, while deeps of darkness and of death, round us rage and roar. The conscience of the unbeliever may be seared as with a hot iron—his heart dead and indifferent to all but the present scene; to such an one, his future is but a blank, or a field of barren speculations—to him, the God of glory—the God Who is Love and Light—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—is the “unknown God.”

Paint, polish it as you best can—lay on the varnish thick, of civilization and all its comeliness—yet the world, as it now is—remains but a vast hospital, and an open grave. Confessedly we are in the midst of decay and death, where pain, and the bitter anguish of disease, and its' dread results, are plainly seen in, and by, all.

The dreadful, dreamful sleep of nature, how difficult to disturb; God alone can awaken from this deathful sleep,

Each man and woman is in the market-place of this world, for good work or ill; idle, or employed by the Lord of the vineyard. Faith is operative in the children of the resurrection, to turn their faces wholly to the future—to the unseen, which is the domain open to the faithful; for such, the eye of nature is closed, as the most blessed state is expressly said to be, not to see. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

Faith desires the best things of God. It is right to travel wholly on this road, now open, to God, to the Father's house. The first, that which was natural—Cain—went out from the presence of the Lord God. The spiritual seeks repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. "To wait," then, "for the Son from Heaven" is the only rightful and recognised attitude of the faithful.

Whoso speaketh always of Christ, and among His people, dwelleth delightedly on Him, on His work, and the Holy Spirit's gracious presence with us; encourageth the children of the Father to live in obedience and dependence, that they may bring forth that which is pleasant in His sight, abiding in the true vine;—so as to be those in whom the

word of the Christ dwells richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in their hearts to God.

Surely, as the gracious Spirit of God guides each in meditating on the Word, which has come forth from the heart of God the Father, to inform, enlighten, refresh, and strengthen His children, the heart of each will become as a harp tunable with praise, for the grace, mercy, love, known in Christ ; and thus hymns and spiritual songs, more or less articulate, will rise in each, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

When God hath washed the sinner, he is clean ; when God hath clothed the sinner, he is no longer naked ; when God opens to such His heart and home, he is no longer friendless and homeless ; the lost is found, the dead is alive, and all this, and infinitely more, flows to the lost sinner, in and through the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross.

It is practically all important to remember that our senses are to be exercised ; that all that God gives us is for immediate and constant use ; *if not used*, it is taken away, even that which we have. God claims that His gifts are to be valued, and *their use* is the true recognition that we value them.

The strength and stability of an army, after all, is, that each man thereof holds his place in insepar-

able unity with his fellow, and that this unity is wholly guided by one head and will. *Our* trust is in the Hand which holds us, and which we hold. There might be a cold, still cohesion, as of dead stones, cemented together with skill and forethought; but this kind falleth sooner or later. The first is vital, and conquereth—so the Church of God.

What characterizes Christianity, in those who have received Christ, is peace—peace with God. Out of this, from the bosom and throne, flows the river of rest.

Christ makes us *now* superior to circumstances. In the Gospels, He helped man in the circumstances into which his sin had betrayed him through Satan. God has a way—His own way, to do His own work, and secure His own glory. Salvation is of the Lord. He will not give *this* glory to another. You must have it, and its result Eternal Life, as a gift, or not at all.

The dread alternative is the second death.

CHRISTIANS, we are passing through this present world, in the character given us of God, as purchased by the blood of His own (Acts.xx.), pilgrims and strangers, proving at every step, it is but a vast ruin to the eye of faith. Our way lies onward—heavenward, homeward. Our hope is, at any moment to see Him, Whom we call Lord and Master, coming forth to meet us, to take us to Himself. This is settled to faith, whether we are awake or asleep

As in a caravan in the desert, all keep their eye upon the guide and follow his steps ; so it is our place, as our blessing, to obey the Spirit of God.

“Let *each* esteem *other* better than themselves.”

Hard demand this, on man who so highly esteems himself.

How is this to be accomplished ?

With fixity of heart, and singleness of eye, contemplate the Christ of God, that you may know Him, and the power of His resurrection. Thus, when there is truly nought between your eye of faith and the heart of love in Christ Himself, all that is found in others *like Him*, will swim into the sea of your vision, and draw you to those who are like your loved Lord and Master.

The work of Christ was to do the will of God on earth—to secure His glory, and, in it, our salvation, who receive Him as the Son of God. To lead men out of the sin-stained—out of the sorrow-stricken scenes of this world, is His mission of mercy—of grace—of love. To lead from the painful kingdom of time and space, into the fields of light, in eternity, is His loved office.

Surely, the grandest and most glorious expression of the love of God towards lost, ruined, guilty man, is found in the glad-tidings of His grace in Christ.

REST IN THE LORD!

PSALM XXXVII.

THROBBING, busy, beating brain,
 When wilt thou be still again?
 When will thy most wondrous dome
 Be, of peace, the eternal home?

Throbbing, beating, aching heart,
 What will peace to thee impart?
 What will yield thee quiet rest,
 Calm thy pulse within my breast?

Beating heart, and busy brain,
 Ache and throb—your part is pain;
 The Lord alone can give me rest,
 Forever leaning on His breast!

The heart of love, the brain of power,
 Through Christ, is my eternal dower;
 He came, and died, and rose again,
 I—*thus*—eternal joys attain.

THE LITTLE BOOK.

REVELATION X, 10.

How sweet to taste the love of God,
 The love that we in Christ have known,
 Who bore for us the smiting rod,
 That He might claim us for His own.

Sweet this love—how sweet this grace,
 Wearied, to lean upon His breast,
 To gaze, unhindered, on His face,
 And know, in Him, eternal rest.

Thus, though it be, how bitter still
 To those who share this tender love,
 To watch the working of man's will,
 At strife with Him Who dwells above.

How vain the strife—how vain the will,
 'Gainst Him Who sits at God's right hand.
 How vain the strife—how vain the will
 Toward Him before whom all *must* stand.

THE LEPER.

1 KINGS v.

Go and wash, thou leper foul,
 In Jordan's waters nigh ;
 Go and wash thy stained soul :
 For this did Jesus die.

Go and wash, thou sinner old ;
 His blood can cleanse thy sin :
 Go and wash, be instant, bold,
 Delay not—enter in !

Go and wash, thou sinner young ;
 For thee, too, Christ applies :
 Go and wash, that, by thy tongue,
 His praise may sweetly rise.

Go and wash—His pierced side
 Gave forth the cleansing blood :
 Go and wash in that blest tide ;
 Bathe in the healing flood.

Go and wash—the message hear,
 Which God now sends to men :
 Go and wash—for God hath said,¹
 His blood doth cleanse from sin.

Go and wash—between two thieves
 Was Jesus seen to die :
 Go and wash—he who believes,
 Shall dwell with Him on high.

THE LEAF AMID THE RUIN LAY.

THE leaf amid the ruin lay—
 Each spake alike of death, decay :
 The one, the work of hand like mine,
 The other, work of hand divine.

The man had made the fabric strong,
 To bravely bear his name along ;

The man was gone, the wreck alone,
Spake sadly from each crumbling stone.

Thus all creation groans to-day—
Thus all around marks death, decay ;
The leaf hath fallen from the bough—
The tree itself in death must bow.

While ruined man amid this scene
Of crumbling worlds to faith is seen,
As judged of God, Who once hath said—
Let life be life, from out the dead—

Glad tidings burst from out the prison
Of death, from whence the Lord hath risen.
The Lord is risen, the work is done,
And God doth own the victory won!

1 PETER i. 2.

Milk from God to thee is given,
Child of God ; thro' Christ in Heaven,
The Father doth provide thy food—
Ever pleasant—ever good !

Meat and drink is in the Word,
Of Him Who is our Saviour Lord.
Meat and drink, to feed, sustain,
Till Christ Himself shall come again.

The milk desired, O freely take ;
'Tis thine from God for Jesu's sake ;
The milk desired doth freely flow,
That babes in Christ may thereby grow.

Child of God ! 'tis thine, to share
With Christ Himself, the portion fair ;
Child of God ! 'tis thine to rest
For ever on the Father's breast !

THE GLORIOUS STREAM.

THE glorious stream of gracious love,
Flows from the heart of God above ;
Drink, Christian, drink this water pure :
The Word of God will aye endure.

Drink, Christian, drink the water given,
From Him Who now is crown'd in Heaven ;
Drink, Christian, drink this water sweet,
While here we worship at His feet.

Within the heart of Christ it glows—
Out from the throne of God it flows ;
Drink, Christian, drink the water bright,
'Twill fill thy heart with glad delight.

Drink living waters, sweet and clear,
Bright waters from God's Spirit here ;
Drink, deeply drink these waters bright,
And know that God is love—is light.

Drink, Christian, drink of glory given—
The Father's house, our home in heaven ;
The Father's heart o'er each, in love ;
Our hope, to dwell with Him above.

Drink, Christian, drink this glorious stream ;
The smitten Rock, its source supreme ;
This crystal stream of life is given,
From Him Who now is crown'd in Heaven.

O NEWBORN JOY!

Ó newborn joy! O heavenly rest,
Close gathered to the Saviour's breast ;
Ours the joy, and ours the throne ;
Our perfect title—Christ alone!

The new heart sings this strain of joy ;
The theme of grace, its sweet employ :
The Lord, the Christ, once crucified,
Now calls His saved ones to His side.

Sing joyous heart—thus ever sing,
 The glories of the heavenly King ;
 But O more sweet—the glorious place,
 Where we shall see Him face to face.
 To be with Him amid that scene,
 Whose glories, eye hath never seen ;
 To be with Him upon His throne,
 But O more blest—His heart our own.
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 What God in grace hath there prepared.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

THROUGH SCENES OF SORROW.

Through scenes of sorrow, sin, and shame,
 We're kept, Lord Jesus, in Thy Name ;
 Thy Name, our banner, tower, and stay,
 To lead us through the darkening day.
 Reveal to each, O Lord, we pray,
 The love that guards the rugged way ;
 Reveal to each, in power of prayer,
 The cloven rock—the secret stair !
 Reveal to each Thy Spirit here,
 To guard, to guide, to feed, to cheer ;
 Reveal to each Thy Spirit's power,
 To keep us through this darkening hour.

Reveal, that thus Thy Name may be
 God's psalm, God's song, God's melody ;
 To cheer each heart, each soul sustain,
 Till thou, Lord Jesus, come again !

AMID THIS WORLD.

Amid this world of ceaseless strife,
 With seeds of sorrow, thickly sown,
 He, only, lives the Christian life,
 Who fully hath renounced his own !

Lovest thou this sin-stained earth :
 Scene of sorrow—sickness—shame—
 Heedless of thy heavenly birth,
 Careless of thy Master's Name ?

Dost thou hate thy sin-stained life ;
 Dost thou hold it loosely now ;
 Dost thou seek, with godly strife,
 The crown for over-comer's brow ?

Be faithful, Christian, 'mid this strife,
 To God's great purpose in His Son,
 To Him, Who is thy Lord, thy Life ;
 And thus the victory shall be won !

LUKE X. 38-42.

Thus she sat at Jesus' feet—
 Blessed place for waiting souls—
 Thus she heard His converse sweet—
 Thus His word, her heart, controls.

Thus she sat, her spirit led
 By His Spirit, opening heaven—
 Thus, her heart's deep hunger fed—
 Bread of God, thus freely, given.

Wondrous moments, rich in joy,
 Rich in purpose, do appear,
 To those who find their blest employ,
 At His feet, with opened ear.

HEBREWS XIII-5.

NEVER leave thee,
 Child of Mine ;
 Ne'er forsake thee,
 Child of Mine :
 Thou hast trusted in My Word,
 Hast believed that I am LORD.

Never leave Me,
 Child of Mine ;
 Ne'er forsake Me,
 Child of Mine :
 Hold thou fast the faithful Word,
 I am Jesus Christ, the LORD !

CALVARY.

IN Calvary's dread place, I see
 The *One* Who came to die for me ;
 Upon that height of human pride,
 Where Jew and Gentile both deride,
 The gracious, suffering, Son of God ;
 The One Whose wearied feet had trod
 This sin-stained earth, to wholly win
 His own from out the power of sin.
 The fulness of the time had come,
 To leave His own eternal Home ;
 To leave the scene of stainless glory,
 To bear His part in man's sad story ;
 To turn from where the angelic throng
 Hailed Him, the burden of their song ;
 To turn from where the Son's blest name
 Bowed every heart with glad acclaim.
 O mighty strength and power of love,
 That wrought in God Himself above ;

That wrought in God. Who gave His Son,
To save lost man, by sin undone!
On Calvary's Cross, by faith, I see
The Lamb of God, God's Christ for *me*.

THE HISTORY OF MAN.

OUR years were spent as a tale that is told,
But, oh, what a tale do these years unfold;
What sorrow, what shame, what sinful strife,
Make up the sad tale of this weary life.

Born in sin, in iniquity shaped,
In "blackness of darkness" our years were draped;
Our life, one sorrow, one sigh, and one shame,
Yet eagerly seeking to win us a name.

Like Cain at his altar—like Cain in his pride,
Seeking, his sin and his sorrow, to hide;
Building his city, and founding his name—
In every way seeking to blazon his fame.

WALK IN LOVE!

EPHESIANS iv. 5.

Now from every Christian's heart,
Let all bitterness depart;

Wrath and anger pass away
 From each child, ere close of day ;
 Clamour lost in gentle peace,
 Evil speaking wholly cease ;
 Malice, and its gnawing tooth,
 Find no food amid the truth.
 But each to each be kind and true,
 As God Himself hath shown to you,
 In the Christ, Who walked in love,
 To bring His own to God above :
 He gave Himself, an offering meet,
 To God, for us, in savour sweet :
 So may each heart true answer give ;
 And wholly, for God's glory, live.

 BROKEN BITS.

WISDOM from above is pure,
 Its peaceful ways for aye endure ;
 It gently leads the heart it suits,
 To bring forth mercy's gracious fruits.

Impartial in its stedfast way,
 Clear as the sun at height of day,
 Its rays descending from above,
 It warms and glows from God in love.

Its beauteous flower op'ning thus bright,
 Yields fragrance rich by day and night,

Blooms sweetly on the dewy sod,
Trode by the feet of Sons of God.

Fruits of righteousness serene,
Sown in peace are sweetly seen ;
Adorning ways of those, who, led
By God's Spirit—hold the Head.



“ CHRIST in you the hope of glory ;”
Repeat, rehearse the wondrous story—
 'Tis God's eternal love ;
Christ in us, the Christ of God,
Who all the weary way hath trod,
 To lead us up above.



Forth the Sower went to sow
 Heavenly seed upon the earth ;
He alone could make it grow ;
 He alone could cure the dearth.



EARTH—HEAVEN.

God's Son was here, He came to save ;
The Son was here, He filled thy grave.
The Son is there, prepares the place,
Feeds thee in unfailling grace.

EDEN.

The green tree bloomed in the garden fair :
As the tree of Life, it was planted there ;
It bloomed and blossomed on earth's green sod ;
And the work, and the way, they were wholly of
God.

And the pure winds swept through the garden
fair,
While beauty and fragrance sprang everywhere ;
And the fowl of the air, and the beast on its sod,
Told each, in their way, that the work was of God.

While songs of sweet joy, and sounds of delight,
Filled the earth, and the air, from morning till
night ;
And the mist went up from the dewy sod,
To bless, with its water, this fair work of God.

And the man was formed from the dust of the
ground,
To be chief in the midst of all that he found ;
All the creatures to name upon the green sod,
Of the field—in the air—as the work of his God.

Then Adam named all—of the earth—and the air ;
God gave him this wisdom, this honour to share ;

But, 'mongst all the living, around him, who trod ;
No help-meet was found, in the fair work of God.

Then God wrought again, for his special delight,
And Adam was cast into sleep deep as night ;
When the man now awoke, and beheld, on earth's
sod,
His own bone and flesh, the fair work of God.

The woman—the wife—to stand by his side,
To nourish—to cherish—to love as his bride,
To hold in his hand, fellow-heir of the sod,
On which they both stood, the prime work of God.

The green tree bloomed in the garden fair ;
As the tree of Life, it was planted there ;
While another tree sprang forth from the sod,
To test Adam, the chief of this fair work of God.

“ IF THE SON SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.”

Freedom ! gracious, glorious Word ;
Freedom in the risen Lord ;
Freedom in the truth divine ;
Freedom, thou art ever mine.

Freedom now from every doubt ;
Freedom to go in and out ;

Freedom from death's dismal prison ;
Freedom in the Christ arisen.

I am the bread of life :
By Me alone, the strife
Of man with death, shall cease.

I am the bread of GOD :
The weary way I trod,
To bring man into peace.

I am the bread of life,
To stay the weary strife,
Of sin and death.

I came down from heaven,
Of God the Father given,
Life's quickening breath.

From heaven I am come,
My own Eternal home,
To bring the homeless there.

I am the living bread,
Out from among the dead.

* * * * *

Three children, in a happy home,
Grew blithe and bonny all the day ;

Sunshine smiled upon each child—
 Upon their pleasant play.

These happy children, in their home,
 Heard of the Lord of glory—
 The mother mild, told each child
 His most wondrous story.

Told them of Eden—its story of shame,
 Of God's righteous judgment of man—
 Told of the grace that gave in his place
 The Saviour—love's own perfect plan.

Told of the grace, that opened the Home
 Of His Father and God, to His own—
 Told of the love, which came from above,
 For sin, and its curse, to atone.

Told them the tale of the wondrous night,
 When He came down to dwell on the earth—
 Told them the song of the glorious throng
 Of Angels, who sang of His birth !

Told them, with tears, the tale of the Cross—
 His sorrow, His anguish, His cry—
 Told how He bowed, amid the dark cloud,
 While He justified God up on high !

Then told how He rose, alive from the dead,
 Victorious o'er Satan and death.

* * * * *

Their young hearts drank the living word
Of Him Who gave the stream.
They watched the Star beam from afar,—
And—home, He bade them come.

From the dust of the earth
To the throne of His God ;
The Son and the Christ
The whole way hath trod.

From hades to heaven,
The Christ hath been raised ;
To Him all is given,
His name to be praised.

Out from among the dead,
The One alive hath risen,
Fall'n from His brow, the thorns,
All marks of Nature's prison—
Save that in His nailed hand,
Save that in His pierced side,
He will thus for ever stand.

Tell me of that heart of love,
That bids me rise and go to Him,
Who speaketh of that home above—
The joys, which time may never dim.

Thou askest that I yearn to tell,
 Of pardon, love, so full, so free ;
 And streams of grace, which ever swell
 The burden of God's own decree.

The story of eternal love—
 The tale of grace and mercy too—
 Fresh from the heart of God above.

* * * *

Will you hear this simple story
 Of the Son of God on high—
 Of the Lord of life and glory,
 Coming down, in grace, to die ?

GOD doth say,
 Of man's brief day—
 Like the grass,
 As flower of field,
 He too must yield
 His breath,—and pass.

FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN.

Weary, heavy laden one,
 Come to Me,—to Me alone,
 Confide thy burden to My breast,
 I, alone, can give thee rest.

Take My yoke, and learn of Me,
I, alone, can set thee free ;
I am lowly—mEEK in heart—
I can peace, to thee, impart.

Learn of Me, for I am meek,
Learn of Me—if ye would seek
The mind and way of God.

Cease your doings—'tis in vain,
I, alone, can ease your pain.

RUINED MAN.

Where can ruined man find rest ?
In the bared and open breast
Of God above.

There, 'mid light, eternal life,
There, beyond all earthborn strife,
In light and love !

There, where the risen Christ is gone,
There, where He sits upon the throne
Of God above.

There, where He waits, Who once was dead,
There, where He pleads the blood He shed,
'Midst light and love.

There, shall the cleansed sinner stand,
Yea, there, at God's own right hand,
At rest above.

What power can reach the minds of men,
Hurrying on, amidst the strife
Of hopes and fears—of bitter tears,
Falling on their path of life?

What voice can reach the hearts of men,
Amid this scene of ceaseless strife;
What word can still—Oh what can fill
The aching void 'mid failing life?

What light may reach the souls of men,
Where all is darkness—all is strife?
What hope can cheer, and cast out fear,
And lead each up, thro' death, to life?

Alone, through Him Who spake to men,
The light—amid the world's dark strife.
Himself He gave, through death to save:
"I am the way, the truth, the life."

CHRIST Himself hath set us free;
Stand ye fast, His bondsmen be!
Stand ye fast in liberty.

Christ Himself our bondage broke ;
 On the Cross He bore the stroke :
 Take upon you His own yoke.

Meek and lowly, like Him, be,
 Clothed in true humility ;
 Stand with Him in liberty.

Christ Himself—the Son of God
 Once this sin-stain'd earth hath trod,

* * * *

WE pray to God upon the sea,
 When stormy winds do blow ;
 We pray to God, when, on our lea,
 The threatening breakers show.

So pray we 'mid the sunny seas,
 As 'mid the stormy ocean ;
 And to His perfect, wise decrees,
 Bow down in deep devotion,

O LARGELY HOLD.

O largely hold the fullest place—
 O fully hold the larger plan ;
 To see—to rest before the face—
 Of One, rejected Son of Man !

Count thus thy life a given space,
Thus measured in the eternal plan,—
Where God revealeth in the face
Of Christ Himself, His thought, for man—

To bring him from the far-off place—
To bring him to His yearning heart—
To bring him, in the purest grace,
And there His fullest thoughts impart.

To call him His, the child of God,
The glowing kiss upon his lips ;
Whose naked feet, God's hand hath shod,
Whose rags, God's robe doth now eclipse.

Hate thou thy thoughts ! The fatted calf
Before thee stands, the pledge of love,
Tho' thou, as yet, know'st not the half
Of that which God hath kept above.

O largely hold ; by faith we stand,
Yea, kiss'd, and cloth'd, and fed by love ;
In Christ, Who now, at God's right hand,
Doth yearn to bring us up above—

Amid God's light, to see each glow,
And all His brightest glories share,
And through that scene, unhindered, go—
The risen Christ our title there.

O learn it there—thus thou may'st shine
The Christ Himself, thy strength and stay
To walk on earth, in power divine,
The child of light, the child of day!

I FOUND Thy word, I freely eat,
I found it truly heavenly meat ;
I found it to my soul most sweet—
The precious word of God.



REMINISCENCES OF EASTBOURNE.

With the assurance that everything connected with the last testimony for Christ, of our loved brother in the Lord, Dr. Mackern, will be received with deep interest by the many who knew and valued him, a few particulars are here noted down for their edification and comfort.

On the 3rd October 1874, Dr. Mackern paid a visit to Eastbourne, where he found C. S. occupied in spreading the sweet message of love to poor sinners, and also putting before christians at the Assembly Rooms, the joy and liberty that our God desired them to know, while in the wilderness journey, i.e. "liberty to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." "For through him, we both have access by one spirit unto the Father."

The Doctor, feeling the work to be of God, at once heartily entered into it, and his zeal led him to propose, in addition to that already going on, that a weekly meeting for reading the Scriptures should be held in some private house, so that any who were in earnest, should have the opportunity given them of coming to ask questions, and of freely conversing together, searching into God's Word "If these things be so." The Doctor, from

his own happy experience, knowing how such meetings (at Folkestone and elsewhere) had been used to God's glory, arranged that the first reading should take place on the 19th October, at Marine House: forty-two persons were present.

Dr. Mackern read Ephesians I., and he spoke much on the present being the only time, the only opportunity ever given us to witness for Christ—to own Him as the rejected One, waiting for His kingdom, like David in the cave of Adullam, to have fellowship with His sufferings, and count it all joy to share His reproach—taking up the subject of the church. Many brought forward their own separate views, yet great interest was exhibited by some present.

On the previous evening, he gave forth the glad tidings of God's grace, with much power, to a well filled room; many wept; and they hoped to hear and know more of that love, so fresh and apparently new to them.

On the afternoon of the 4th October, he scribbled inside the cover of a book, in a few moments, the following lines:—

“ Take away this cup from me ; ”
Thus He cried in agony,
Praying in Gethsemane.

“ Take away this cup from me ;
Behold thy servant's agony,”
Weeping in Gethsemane.

“Take away this cup from me ;
 Let this hour cease to be ;”
 Watching in Gethsemane.

“Take away this cup from me ;
 All things are possible to thee ;”
 Delivering in Gethsemane.

“Yet my will I bow to Thee,”
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.

Yet no answer when He cried ;
 Yet His God He justified ;
 Yet His God He glorified.

The following lines were written by Dr. Mackern (17th October) on a fly leaf of a Bible in his room, lent him by the friend in whose house he was staying.

A CRY FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

I cry to Thee ! my God this night,
 I cry, for Thou art love and light,
 I cry for those whom Thou didst give
 As mine, that they with Thee may live.

I cry, O hear the cry I send !
 See, I pray, Thy suppliant bend,
 Thy heart is Mine, for Jesus' sake,
 In His pure name, these others take.

We all were dead, but Jesus died,
Thy Holy One was crucified ;
Thy life in Him, to each impart ;
My dead, O take to Thine own heart.

Thou gav'st them me in nature's claim,
O take them now for Thy great name,
Hear Thou my prayer amidst the night,
Hear, for Thou art love and light !

On making allusion to him to the subject of these lines, he replied with deep emphasis and feeling " Yes, indeed—we need cry to God for them ; we ask over and over again for blessing, but we are not half enough in earnest, we don't cry and cry to God till we get the blessing ;"—with much more added.

Returning again to Eastbourne on the 24th, he " broke bread " the following morning, and took us all up in adoration to Him for Whose return we were on the tip toe of expectation. (He read from Rev. iv. 1., Matt. xii. last verse, &c.) which was followed by the hymn " Bride of the Lamb, Awake, Awake : " and all returned to their homes with a deeper and fuller knowledge of Him, Whose dying love we had been commemorating, such Divine unction ran through the meeting. On the evening of the 25th, Dr. M. went again to the F. S. Hall. The words then preached must have been a savour

of "life unto life or death unto death." The scripture he took, was from Rev. xxi. 1-9, and Cant. ii. ; the hymns sung, were "Brightness of Eternal Glory," and, "I heard the voice of Jesus say." He pressed his own solemn responsibility before God, to be clear as to the message; Christ's death and resurrection having done all or nothing. If those before him had not accepted God's gift (1 John v. 9-13), even eternal life, and that life, Christ, they were refusers of His grace, lost! Ever since God drove out the man from the garden of Eden, man had been a self-willed, rebellious creature, hostile to God—"I thank God," he exclaimed, for the flaming sword barring the way, from henceforth, to man's return thither, because He has, in His infinite love, opened up to him 'a new and living way,' through the rent veil, into His glorious presence, to go no more out.

He alluded to the moon then shining over the dark ocean, causing a stream of dazzling light; and appealed to those before him, as to whether they formed part of that mass of darkness, or were they reflecting Christ in its midst. "God is absolute—how is it with you? Dead in sins, or alive in Christ? Decide to-night." He spoke most solemnly of what death was. For months past it was the burden of his preaching, and with his large heart for souls, he groaned in his spirit, at the numbers of indifferent, careless, and hard-hearted despisers

of God's grace. "You would shrink from being called, perhaps, a murderer, but, see, God places the fearful and unbelieving foremost, and each of us must have to do with God."

He left the heated room that evening and walked home—took a chill, which next day declared itself. At the reading meeting at Mrs. E's house, the subject was Ephesians III.

He said, "God wants heroes and heroines in these days of departure from the truth. It needs men and women of no ordinary stuff, to fight against present things. Yes, (turning to one present) God would have your heart so ravished with His Christ, so flowing over with His love, that you might be a vessel of testimony for Him, that others might say, 'There is a woman who shews me something from God.' Christians should not be like planets, but like fixed stars, shining with no wavering light. Don't be satisfied with merely getting what God has to give. He wants you to know Himself. Take a great benefactor—one man will be content to get food from him; another receives his gifts, but will not be satisfied without knowing his heart, his ways; 'He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.' When the Philistines had gone through the land, in the time of Abraham, filling the wells with sand, it was the man of resurrection (Isaac) who unstopped them. So are the wells of divine truth choked now with

human thoughts. It is for the man of faith to clear them, and he does not rest till he gets the water to flow. The word purges those who receive it. It judges those who do not. The church has no will—it is subject to Christ. David said, ‘I hate thoughts, but thy law do I love.’ The Godly man has no thoughts, and the church no will.”

“Compromise is ‘concision’.”

“The dress of woman, concerning which, exhortation is given, does not only mean what she wears, but her whole deportment.”

“Ask what you will, you can never exhaust God.”

On Saturday, 31st October, he returned, still suffering with loss of voice, but bright as ever in the Lord. A very keen north-east wind ushered in the 1st November. He went (his last Lord’s day upon earth) to remember Him, Who promises to be in the midst of the two and three gathered to His name.

He took from Gen. i. 1-5. After reading the few verses on God’s making light out of darkness, and the light being called day, and the darkness night, he applied it to the child of God, and spoke of the christian in his natural state being darkness, until God by His Spirit brought him into His marvellous light; he then took up the 14th verse of the last Chapter, 2nd Peter, to “stir up our minds by way of remembrance,” that, as children of light and day,

our lives should correspond with the attitude in which we were placed, to be found in Him without spot and blameless; yet, for a little moment we must go back to the night. What! do you invite us who are of the day, to go back to the night? Yes! it is for that purpose we are met here to day, to go back to that memorable night in which our blessed Lord was betrayed" (and here his apparent gaze at Him was truly beyond all expression) "and 'Till I come,' God's children are left in the world to be lights. The world has no other manifestation of Christ! What a solemn position for a christian to be placed in! Christ's representative on earth."

"The christian ought to be a positive man. There should be no wavering, no unsteadiness observable in his walk. Walking with God, abiding in Christ, he should be assured as to his path. How can there be indecision in the gait of the one who knows the mind of his Lord, and has nothing to do but to obey? but, though a positive and decided man, he is to be gentle—gentle unto all men—who more gentle than the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus?"

Also referring to the "Mystery" (Eph. i. had been previously read) and to Peter's fall and restoration (John xxi. 15, 17 had also been read at the meeting), he said,

"We have had our attention called a little to the

Lord's perfecting of the work of restoration in Peter, when He asks him three times, if he loves Him more than these: and, if this were the time to do so, I might with profit trace through for you the history of this Peter, this man of impulse, as given us in the Word. You remember how the Lord first meets with Peter, as given in Luke's gospel—Peter has returned from a night's fishing, fruitless toil—labored hard all night for nothing; and he says, 'Peter, thrust out a little from the land;' and He uses his boat, from which to speak to the people on the shore. When He has done speaking, He says, 'Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets.' Which done, immediately the nets are full, and He stands revealed to Peter as The One Who has all the contents of the lake at His disposal and control."

"The revelation of the presence of such an One there, brings up to the consciousness of Peter, that he is not fit for His presence, and he exclaims, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!' The Lord calls him away from his boats and his nets, and tells him, He has other work for him to do. 'Still, you shall go fishing, Peter, but you shall now catch men;' and Peter goes fishing in the world—this big lake that God is fishing in—taking out fishes for Himself from this great lake, that has its storms and tempests, as well as its quiet calms. Thus Peter goes on, till we find him

uttering his loud protestations of love to the Master. 'Tho' all shall deny thee, yet will not I.' This man of fervent spirit and true heart, has yet to learn he has no strength to stand alone; and see the man now in the judgment-hall, warming himself, and making himself comfortable at the enemies' fire.—He, the man that yesterday protested he loved his Master better than they all, now comforting himself there, while his Master stands being judged by His enemies! He stands warming himself, and cursing and swearing that he never knew the man that stood there to be judged, until a look from that Master's eye, sends him away out of the Hall, to weep bitterly. Who could have told there was any love in this man's heart to his Master? Well! there was One Who knew it, covered up as it was, with heaps of rubbish and self-conceit. He knew where to find it, for had He not put it there Himself? He knew how, tenderly and carefully to remove all the rubbish, so tenderly and carefully, and how to breathe upon it, and make it glow again."

Our dear brother then spoke of various scenes recorded, in which the Lord Jesus had come in contact with individual souls during His life on earth, for proving, healing, convicting, blessing,—spoke of what it would be in heaven to know Him, as the One Who had thus cared for, and dealt with others and ourselves; and referred to Mr. Bellett's

words on his dying bed, "I am going to see the man of Sychar." Then he spoke of our being found of the Lord at His coming, blameless—pressing holiness of walk, separation to God—ending with the earnest appeal—"Can you say, now sitting on those chairs, 'Come, Lord Jesus,' 'Surely I come quickly;' 'Even so come, Lord Jesus!'" then, after a pause, looking, it seemed, as tho' he might be expecting the assembly to respond, taking up the cry, he again said with deepest emphasis, "Come, Lord Jesus Come—Come—Come."

During the afternoon he visited the sick. He also, while moving about the sitting room, pencilled down the following lines:—

O blessed day, O wondrous hour!
Which gave me, in God's glorious power,
To know a Saviour given.

O blessed day, O wondrous time!
Which gave me, in God's power sublime,
To know the joys of heaven!

SONG OF SOLOMON i. 2.

Kiss me with Thy kisses pure,
For Thy love doth aye endure,
Better far than wine.

Kiss me with Thy loving mouth,
Like the breeze from out the South,
Kindling joy divine.

Kiss me with Thy kisses sweet,
While I linger at Thy feet—
Beloved, Thou art mine.

To the den of lions, dread,
Daniel, man of God, is led.

In the den of lions, drear,
Lo! he standeth free from fear.

'Mid the den of lions, deep,
God giveth His beloved sleep.

Daniel owned His God alone—
Jehovah owned him from His throne.

Worship and homage, lo! we bring :
With joyous hearts, we joyous sing,
To the earth-born, heaven-crown'd King,
Jesus Christ the Saviour ;
Worthy of homage and of praise ;
Thus we sing our joyous lays.

In the evening of 1st November, the subject was from Mark v. verses 24 to 34. "And a certain woman, who had an issue of blood twelve years." "An issue of blood, do you know what that is? The life going out, a dreadful disease—Many alas have a fatal disease and know it not! This poor woman had spent her all in physicians; everything that earth could afford had failed—

And she said, 'If I may touch but His (the Saviour's) clothes, I shall be whole. 'And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing within himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes.' Have you who are present, come to Jesus, knowing the healing power of His blood to cleanse from all sin? The woman was content to have felt the healing power, and would have gone away, but Jesus would not let her thus go, He knew that virtue had gone out of Him. The Disciples said, 'Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, who touched me?' But Jesus *knew it*; and does He know *now* that virtue has gone out of Him? Have any of you touched Him by faith? He is not satisfied to let you go, He says, 'Come unto Me.' The woman fell down trembling and told Him all the truth, and He said, '*daughter,*' do you think she was afraid *then*?' He gave an affecting picture of disease and death leading to the grave. "All the power of man and the beauty of woman, ending in *the grave*. Nothing of earth that is enduring. When we get bodies of glory, we shall be worth looking at. Hush! if the veil now shadowing the earth could be raised to-night, one large mass would be seen weeping, mourners

weeping for their dead." (Little did we think of *the many eyes that would be weeping that night week for him!*)

"We are all upon dying beds. The moment we begin to live, we begin to die. You are all dying, myself too, but if the summons came to me, Oh! with joy would I yield up my breath to enter into His cloudless presence. The feet of those who are ready to carry us out, are even at the doors,—one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight—souls, *many* gone! every minute, *another* added to the number! What is our life? A vapour—and here he raised his hands, to show the nature of a passing vapour. It rises up, and up—and it is gone. What if you die unsaved? The judgment. What for the believer? Why, death is but my slave—the key to unlock the door by which I enter into the presence of my Lord. Will you not come to Jesus to-night—do not refuse. Come!" He spoke to many, on leaving, and gave books, according to his usual custom.

Eastbourne, Dec. 1874.